

The Christian Reflector.

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Christian Reflector.

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Letters from France.

ITS RELIGIOUS CONDITION.—NO. XI.

Parisian Book-stalls.—Mrs. Adams' Description of Parisian Churches in 1795.—The Chapel of St. Pauline.—The church of St. Thomas d'Aquin.—The Pantheon.—Val de Grace.—The Sorbonne.—The Invalides.

One of my favorite amusements is to hunt for treasure among the dusty heaps of manuscripts, charts, and printed volumes and pamphlets, which encumber the quays and book-stalls of Paris. A curious and interesting collection of works in our own, as well as in almost every other language, might easily be gathered from these sources. As I have stood amidst the motley crowd of delegates to this congress of foreign literatures, the familiar page of many an American book has caught my eye, and gladdened me like a smile of friendly recognition. A pleasant and fertile topic is presented by these curiosities of literature, but I can now make only this passing allusion to them, for the sake of introducing an extract, illustrative of my immediate subject, from the 'Letters of Mrs. Adams,' which I was so fortunate as to find at a book-stall, in a narrow and obscure street of the Latin Quarter. I cannot mention these admirable letters of an admirable woman, without expressing the feeling of all readers, that John Quincy Adams, as the son of such a mother, could scarcely have failed to be distinguished, as he is so highly, no less for his public and private virtues, than for his eminent talents.

To return to the passage which I promised to extract, and which occurs in a letter, dated January 18, 1785: 'I want,' says Mrs. Adams, 'a few days since, to see three of the most celebrated churches of Paris. They are prodigious masses of stone buildings, and so surrounded by houses which are seven stories high, that the sun seldom enlightens them. I found them, so cold and damp, that I could only give them a very hasty and transient survey. The architecture, the sculpture, the paintings, are beautiful indeed, and each of them would employ my pen for several pages, when the weather will permit me to take a more accurate and critical inspection of them. These churches are open every day, and at all times of the day; so that you never enter them without finding priests upon their knees, half a dozen at a time, and more at the houses of confession. All kinds of people, and of all ages, go in without ceremony, and regardless of each other, fall upon their knees, cross themselves, say their paternosters and Ave-Marias silently, and go out again, without being noticed, or even seen by the priests, whom I found always kneeling, with their faces toward the altar. Round these churches, (for they have not pews and galleries as with us, chairs alone being made use of), there are little boxes, or closets, about as large as a sentry-box, in which is a small grating window, which communicates with another closet of the same kind. One of them holds the person who is confessing, and the other, the confessor, who places his ear at this window, hears the crime, absolves the transgressor, and very often makes an assignation for a repetition of the same crime, or perhaps, a new one. I do not think this a branch of charity; for can we suppose, that of many thousands whom the religion of the country obliges to celibacy, one quarter of the number can find its influence sufficiently powerful to conquer those passions, which nature has implanted in man, when the gratification of them will cost them only a few lives in confession?

I was at the church of St. Roch, about ten o'clock in the morning, and whilst I was there, about three hundred little boys came in from some charity seminary, which belongs to that church. They had books in their hands. They followed each other, in regular order, and fell upon their knees in rows, like soldiers in rank and file. There might have been fifty other persons in the church, at their devotion. Every thing was silent and solemn throughout this vast edifice. I was walking with a slow pace round it, when all at once, the deaf silence which reigned, was suddenly broken, by all these boys at once, chanting with loud voices, which made the dome ring, and me start, for I had never been to any of these churches upon a Sunday. When the weather is warmer, I design it. But their devotion, then excite it. I took such a cold there, as I have not had since I have been in France.'

The foregoing paragraphs, although written more than half a century ago, describe quite accurately, the impressions of a Protestant visitor to the churches of Paris, at the present day. Some of the remarks indeed, are true only of the dreary scene of winter, and the dark and cold atmosphere, of which Mrs. Adams complained; in January, would have seemed to her, in July, a dim religious light, and a delicious coolness, affording an agreeable contrast to the glare and heat of a summer sun. Much also has been done, since the period when she wrote, to isolate the churches, as well as other public buildings, so that now there is no city, where such edifices stand forth more distinctly and prominently, and are less obnoxious to the charge of being 'surrounded by houses which are seven stories high.'

How unlike the 'prodigious masses of stone buildings' which Mrs. Adams visited, is the exquisite little chapel of St. Ferdinand! In spite, however, of its diminutive size, it is rendered solemn by the melancholy associations suggested by the death of the eldest son of Louis Philippe. It was erected on the spot where that promising young Prince suddenly lost his life in July, 1842, and contains besides, other appropriate ornaments, a marble group, representing him on his death-bed, with an angel kneeling at his head.—This beautiful 'spirit' was the work of the Duke's deceased sister, the sculptor-princess Marie, little conscious for whose tomb she was executing it.

Leaving this mausoleum, where the friends of the Orleans dynasty mourn for the loss of the heir apparent, let the stranger seek the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, which is frequented by ancient, aristocratic families, who still adhere to the dynasty of the elder Bourbons. The strongest attraction of this church for the sight-seer, is the opportunity of seeing the poet Chateaubriand, who usually worships here.

Several of the Parisian churches are crowned by conspicuous domes. The highest dome is that of the Pantheon, which was formerly the church of St. Genevieve, but is now sacred to the memory of illustrious Frenchmen, according to this inscription in golden letters, on the frieze beneath an immense bas-relief, representing France dispensing honors to her most famous sons.—

Aux Grands Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante.

Mirabeau was buried here, with great pomp, in 1791, the same year which witnessed the celebrated apotheosis of Voltaire and Rousseau, whose remains are deposited in temporary wooden sarcophagi, within the vaults. Marat was also interred here, but his corpse, as well as that of Mirabeau, was afterwards deponed.

The summit of the Pantheon affords a magnificent view of the metropolis and of its environs. From this point, the eye discerns amidst innumerable objects of architectural interest, the dome of Val de Grace, built by Anne of Austria, in fulfillment of her vow to erect a church, after giving birth to an heir to the throne; the dome of the Sorbonne, its interior adorned by a curious picture of Robert Sorbon, presenting his theological pupils to St. Louis, and by Cardinal de Richelieu's tomb, one of the finest pieces of sculpture of the seventeenth century; and lastly, rising proudly in the distance, the burished dome of the Invalides, beneath which is the tomb of Napoleon.

ALCUIE.

Original and Select.

The Best is Left.

'I am fallen,' cried Jeremy Taylor, 'into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me! They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merriment, and my cheerful spirits, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep, and digest, and eat, and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbors' pleasant fields and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.'

The Slave's Dream.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Beside the unthoughtful rice he lay,
With sickle in his hand;
His breast was his matted hair,
And his eyes were dim and gray.

Agone, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land,
He saw his native land,
He saw his native land.

While through the landscape of his dreams
The lovely Niger flowed;
The lovely Niger flowed;
The lovely Niger flowed.

Beneath the palm trees on the plain
Once more a king he stood;
And heard the shouting of his men,
And heard the shouting of his men.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheek,
They held him by the hand.

A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell upon the sand.
And then with a fervent prayer he rose
And turned his face to God.

His little realm were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each step he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiling his scabbard of steel.

Before him, like a blood-red fog,
The battle of the Niger lay;
From morn till night he followed their fight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew.

Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.
And the ocean rose to view,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion's roar,
And the lion's roar he heard;
And the lion's roar he heard, he heard;
And the lion's roar he heard.

And the river-borne, as he crashed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And he passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriads of tongues,
Shouted of his name;
And the blast of the desert wind alone,
With a voice so wild and free,

Till he started in his sleep, and smiled
At his tempestuous glee.
He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;

He had himself the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

For the Christian Reflector.

Kael of the Departed Year!

'Time! what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days, how swift they fly!

The year 1847 has taken its flight, never to return. But with the records of that year, we have something to do now, and shall continue to have for eternal ages. Over all the earth, its departing knell has sounded, but who shall tell the period when that sound shall cease? It rings in the memory of the living, and the memory of the dead. The records of the year are many deep and broad. They extend around the earth, and rise far into the heavens. These records are to be read along the pathway of life—at the opening judgment, and in the wasteless ages of eternity—read with unspeakable joy, or unimpaired grief.

With the departed year, sounds the knell of the departed year. The lessons of mortality have been solemn and impressive.

WHO ARE THE DEAD OF THE PAST YEAR? Many beloved children.—Many beloved parents have stood, with sleepless vigilance, around the suffering ones—the physician gave his last counsel—affection used its last effort—death came! The shroud was prepared—the coffin was brought in—the grave was opened—the procession moved slowly to the cemetery—the loved one was laid in its silent bed—the spirit departed to its long home, and the mourners went about the streets. Such scenes have been common over all the earth. How many Davids have exclaimed: 'O my son, my son, my son! how many Racheys have raised their lamentations over their children, and their hearts 'refused' to be comforted, because they are 'not.' Some of these children have departed from amongst us, and bereaved ones weep at our graves.

Beloved parents are numbered with the dead of the past year. When Joseph went up to Machpelah, to bury his venerable father, there was a 'very great mourning.' Many Josephs have gone, the past year, to bury their parents, and mourn their heavy loss. Daughters, too, have dressed in gloom, and cried in burning grief, father is dead! Mother! my dear mother, is gone. The writer of this article has just attended a funeral, where seven lovely children gathered around the cold remains of an affectionate mother, and wept in deep anguish of spirit. O how many such groups of old ones have gathered and wept during the past year.—Fathers are gone—the year is gone, and the mourning is over, in mournful tones, around the earth.

Brothers and sisters have also passed away. The brother has walked away from the little mound, which rises over the once cheerful and fond-hearted sister, and hides his manly face, as the tears of sorrow gush from the troubled fountains. An affectionate sister has planted the little rose-bush at the head of a

Riches of the Gospel.

The Gospel is a revelation of pure mercy; it is a declaration on the part of God, that he will magnify the inexhaustible riches of his goodness, in the free pardon of the guilty, and in the full safety of the lost. The sin-

Repentance.

Repentance is not a mere change of external circumstances, the transition from one party or sect in the Christian church to another; it is not a mere remorse for sin, accompanied with the outward show of contrition, the desponding look, the rueful countenance; for there may be the most painful and revolting austerities practiced, and the most severe penances undergone, and yet there may be no genuine repentance. Sin, meanwhile, may be loved for its own sake, although despised on account of the misery to which it leads. True repentance is an internal change upon the soul, wrought by the Spirit of God. It is a sorrow for sin as a heinous crime, while he deeply deprecates the pain of the sinner, while he deeply deprecates the pain of the sinner, while he deeply deprecates the pain of the sinner.

The True Gentleman.

The forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the true gentleman; indeed, we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine gentleness. The power which the husband has over his wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her—the father over his children—the teacher over his pupils—the old over the young, and the young over the aged—the strong over the weak—the officer over his men—the master of a vessel over his hands—the magistrate over the citizen—the employer over the employed—the rich over the poor—the superior over the inferior—the experienced over the confiding—the keeper of a secret over him whom it touches—the gifted over the ordinary man—the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power and authority, or a total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. Every traveler knows at once whether a gentlemanly or rude officer is searching his trunk. But the use of power does not only form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in the presence of a languid patient, or speak of good luck when in hearing of a man bent by habitual infirmity.

Let us now briefly enjoy the advantages of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen criminal fellow being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget—and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character, which impart sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence confers, or a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness give him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others.—Dr. Lieber's Address.

Missionary Success in Hayti.

A subscriber and friend requests us to copy from a communication of Rev. Mr. Judd, missionary of the A. B. F. M. S. at Hayti, recently addressed to the Contributors, the organ of that Society. We cheerfully give place to any and every record of missionary success, and rejoice in 'the first fruits' of blessing on a mission on which we wish the continued favor of the Most High. God is blessing, specially at the present time, the missionary work throughout the world. Mr. Judd writes from Port au Prince, under date of Oct. 26th, and says:

'Yesterday was emphatically a good day with us. I know that you and many others will rejoice, when I tell you that I had yesterday the privilege of baptizing eight willing converts. It was not only a day of great interest to us, but a great day for Hayti, and I have no doubt will tell greatly upon her future destiny.

'The baptism had been previously notified to take place at six o'clock in the morning, which at present is in the middle of the rainy season, and the weather was very disagreeable; but the necessity of early rising for once at least, a practice, however, very common in the tropical climate. And as we had some two or three miles to go to the place of baptism, we started at five o'clock, and breakfasted at three o'clock, and started for our chapel room in town. The moon being just past its full, gave us a most romantic ride. The "Yankees" talk about "moonlight nights," but they know but little of the force of the expression, if they have never seen the moon in this climate; for here, at full moon, we can read ordinary print by its light, with ease.

'As we descended, the beautiful bay of Port au Prince, in whose waters we expected soon to bury many of our brethren, was visible in the distance; the dim outlines of the noble island of Gonave, were visible in the distance; while the lofty mountains, presenting their bold summits, either side of the bay as far as the eye could reach, seemed to be the walls of salvation which surrounded Hayti.

'On arriving at our chapel, we found a few of the friends waiting for us, but as others were a little tardy, we were detained nearly half an hour beyond our time. The sun had already gilded the distant mountain tops, when the procession left the chapel for the sea-side, near Fort St. Claire, an agreeable walk of not more than one-eighth of a mile. The candidates, men and women, were dressed in black robes, prepared for the occasion, and as we were attended by a large body of people, both Americans and French, the appearance was imposing, and attracted great attention. But what was our surprise on arriving, at the house of the water-side, to see the crowd of people already gathered, and the multitudes still wending their way from every part of the city. The place chosen is a fishermen's landing, where there is not only a good opportunity for seeing from the shore, but also from the boats which were fastened off a few rods from the shore, nearly surrounding a large area within which the ordinance was to be administered. The crowd broke away for us as we passed, and we were within perhaps a rod of the water, where we found a large fishing boat, a little elevated from the ground, for the purpose, as I suppose, of avoiding drenching repairs. Permission being obtained, I mounted one of the seats, together with a friend, who held my umbrella, to go through with the preparatory exercises.

'As I surveyed the vast crowd, stretched along the coast, entirely beyond the sound of my voice, and covering also Fort St. Claire in the rear, my soul was stirred within me, and I felt very desirous that they might hear the words of life. I had been advised by many to obtain a guard; but preferring to

Questions about Heaven.

It has been asked, Are there degrees in glory? We are persuaded there are. All analogy connotes the conclusion. We see diversities and inequalities prevailing all the works of God. We know there are gradations among angels; for we read of thrones and dominions, principalities and powers. And though all Christians are redeemed by the same blood, and justified by the same righteousness, we know that some are degrees in grace. We know the good ground brought forth in some places thirty, in some sixty, in some a hundred fold. And the apostle tells us, "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." But here we approve of the old illustration—however unequal in its distribution, yet, when plunged into this ocean, they shall all be equally filled.

It has been asked, Shall we know each other in heaven? Suppose you should not? you may be assured of this, that nothing will be wanting to your happiness. But, oh! you say, how would the thought affect me now! There is the babe that was torn from my bosom! how lovely then, but a cherub now! There is the friend who was as mine own soul, with whom I took sweet counsel, and whose house of God is now my home! There is the minister, whose preaching turned my feet into the path of peace, whose words were to me a well of life. There is the beloved mother, on whose knees I first laid my little hands to pray, and whose arms were my refuge. There is the friend who was as mine own soul, with whom I took sweet counsel, and whose house of God is now my home! There is the minister, whose preaching turned my feet into the path of peace, whose words were to me a well of life. There is the beloved mother, on whose knees I first laid my little hands to pray, and whose arms were my refuge. There is the friend who was as mine own soul, with whom I took sweet counsel, and whose house of God is now my home! There is the minister, whose preaching turned my feet into the path of peace, whose words were to me a well of life. There is the beloved mother, on whose knees I first laid my little hands to pray, and whose arms were my refuge.

Japan—the Jesuits.

The exclusion of all Christian nations from Japan began in 1639, and is a consequence of an unfortunate interference with the conduct of the Jesuits with the affairs of the Empire. Upon occasion of the civil war of that period, supposed by some to have been fomented by them, the Jesuits with less than their usual sagacity, patronized what proved the weaker party. The Jesuits followed the weaker party, and shared a common fate. It is perhaps idle to speculate upon the probable result to the Christian party, had not the Dutch, from a spirit of commercial rivalry, aided their adversaries, but certain it is, that whatever advantage a perfect knowledge of the sins and plans of enemy may give, the heathen host enjoyed by the agency of the Dutch. The downfall of the Jesuits was undoubtedly accelerated by their own arrogance and presumption. Pretensions to independence entirely inconsistent with Japanese laws and customs, and contempt and derision of the religion of the country, had made them odious to that portion of the nation not prepared to adopt the new faith. So exaggerated were the conceptions by the conduct of the Jesuits, except a few Portuguese, it is believed not one escaped their fury. Finding this frenzy, the Dutch installed themselves in the favor of the triumphant faction, and when their enemies disclosed to the Japanese the fact that the Dutch were Christians, they so rebuffed the allegation by trampling upon the cross, and other indignities to the symbols and forms of the Christian faith, that the Japanese dismissed all fear of the Christianity of the Dutch. The pagans were indebted to the Dutch for a vessel to pursue the surviving Christians to the remote province of Siam, where they had taken refuge. The pursuit was successful, and after the merciless slaughter of forty thousand, Christianity was extinguished in Japan, and has its light glimmered there since.

The history of the Christian religion does not probably furnish a parallel to this fact.

shire, has made his *début* in the Senate, and in a manner that attracts universal attention. Mr. Hale comes to the Senate as representative of a principle, and if not a new principle, one that few politicians here have the courage to maintain. The sentiments boldly and prominently advanced by Mr.

The Family Circle.

For the Christian Reflector.

Life.

[Lines and reflections, suggested by a sermon delivered on the first Sabbath of the new year, and respectfully inscribed to Rev. T. O. Lincoln, by M. J. H.]

See the swift ship racing
To the morning's rising sun;
See the sunbeams gleaming
Like a thing of life, the sun,
As she speeds with swelling sail,
And such is human life;
Tis a smooth, quick sea;
With shoals and quicksands it is rife,
And we're breaking on our keel,
May faith and hope safe guide our bark,
Where none, no skiff, no sail, no keel,
See how the mountain heights
From the mountain's rocky height;
All beneath the future heights,
Or the course how dark, how bright,
And such is human life,
As it hurries on its way;
Headless, mid the eager strife,
Of the ways of living truth,
Behold the morning's sun,
O, may we make that better choice,
Didst never fondly dream
Of some bright, some much-wished good?
And, waking, find 'twas all a dream,
That 'twas a fancy's changing mood?
So human life appears,
As we strive for wealth and fame;
Though bright the sun, 'twill end in tears,
If the world's our only aim.
Then let our hearts and treasures where
They'll know no rust, no care,
Who can a vapor hold,
Or can tell how long its stay!
Yet we form, on earth, 'twould be,
As it rises, rolls away,
Thus human life appears,
As its moments hurry by;
O, who can grasp the fleeting years?
Yet we know that all must die,
O, may we improve the hours,
That heaven's pure bliss may be our share,
Didst never have a tale?
With what zest, what interest fraught,
How quickly does the pleasure fall!
For 'tis told, and then forgot;
And human life thus seems,
As its interests charm the sight;
But, lo! we die! and those bright beams
Of our fancy sink to night.
But there's an endless life to come,
This transient world is not our home.

The Wife.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful creature when I first
saw her. She was standing up at the side of
her lover at the marriage altar. She was
slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony
proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson
crossed her cheeks, like the reflection
of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters
of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped
her hand within his own, gazed on her a few
moments, with unmingled admiration, and
warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals
his manly forehead and melted in beauty
on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another
in the presence of Heaven, and every heart
in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those
lovers. They were seated together through
the light of sunset through half-closed
curtains, leaning a richer tint to the
delicate carpeting and the exquisite em-
bellishment of the rich and gorgeous ap-
artment. Time had slightly changed the
outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy
of the one had indeed given place to the
grace of perfect womanhood, and her lips
were somewhat paler, and a faint line of care
was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her
husband's brow, however, was more than
made deeper than his age might warrant,
anxiety and ambition, and pride had grown
over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver
hue was mingled with the dark in his hair,
which had become thin at his temples,
almost balding on his crown. He had a
splendid stomach with his face half hidden
by his hand, as if he feared that the deep
and troubled thoughts which oppressed him
were visible upon his features.

Edward, you are ill to-night," said the
wife, as she looked at her husband, who
as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible
to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun
of heaven refused his wonted cheerfulness,
and glared upon us with a cold, distant and
forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that
the only being of our love refuses to ask our
sympathy—that he broods over the feelings
which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful
to watch the convulsive features and the
gloomy brow, the indefinable shadow of
hidden emotion, the involuntary signs of sor-
row in which we are forbidden to participate,
and whose character we cannot know. The
wife assayed once more.

"Edward, said slowly, mildly, and af-
fectionately, the shadow beneath when you
were willing to confide your secret joys and
sorrows to one who had never, I trust, be-
trayed your confidence! Why, then, my
dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You
are troubled, and yet refuse to tell me the
cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened
for an instant the cold severity of the hus-
band's features, but it passed away, and a
bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twin were sepa-
rated from each other. The husband gloomy
and silent in the damp cell of a dungeon.
He had followed ambition as a god, and had
failed in a high career. He had mingled
with men, whose heart loathed, he had sought
out the fierce and wronged spirits of the
land, and had breathed into them the
madness of revenge. He had drawn his
sword against the country, he had fanned re-
bellion to a flame, and it had been quenched
in human blood. He had fallen, miserably
fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a
traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened and a
light form entered and threw herself into his
arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon
the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once
beautiful wife.

"Edward, my dear Edward," she said, "I
have come to save you; I have reached you
after a thousand difficulties, and I thank
God, my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart
of manhood, and as the husband pressed his
eyes to his bosom, a tear trembled on his
pale lip.

"I have not deserved this kindness," he
murmured in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward, said his wife, in an earnest but
faint and low voice, which indicated extreme
and fearful delicacy, "I have not a moment
to lose. By an exchange of garments you
will be able to pass unnoticed. Haste, or
we may be too late. Fear nothing for me,
I am a woman, and they will not injure me

for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer
than life itself."

But Margaret, said the husband, you
look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of
this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not to me, my dearest Ed-
ward," said the devoted woman. "I cannot
endure anything for your sake. Haste, Ed-
ward, and all will be well. As she aided,
with a trembling hand, to disguise the prom-
ise of her husband in female garb."

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whis-
pered the husband in the ear of the disguised
wife, as the officer sternly reminded the sup-
posed lady, that the time allotted for her visit
had expired."

"Farewell! we shall not meet again," re-
sponded the wife; and the husband passed
out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his
life."

They did meet again; the wife and hus-
band; but only as the dead meet, in the aw-
ful communion of another world. Affection
had borne up her exhausted spirit until the
last great purpose of her exertions was
accomplished in the safety of her husband—
and then the toll bell tolled for the morning,
and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards
found, wrapped in the habiliments of their
deserted victim, the pale, but beautiful corpse
of the devoted wife."

Youth's Department.

Little Theodore's Faith.

You often ask, my dear friends, 'what is
faith?'

When you are told that the chief require-
ment of the Gospel is, 'to believe on the
Lord Jesus Christ,' and that to do so, is to
have faith in him, you ask, 'How and what
shall we believe?'

And when the reply is, 'Believe just what
Jesus Christ has told you of himself; that he
died that he might be saved; and that if you
are truly sorry that you have ever dis-
believed, and disbelieved him, and turn from
your sins and trust in his mercy, he will for-
give you, and take you to heaven at last; you
then look doubtful and say, 'that you do not
understand what he is to do, and that you
cannot believe.'

You think to exercise faith in the Lord
Jesus Christ in a difficult matter, when, in
fact, it is so simple, that you overlook it in
striving to reach after some hard thing, such
as Naaman did, when he was told to dip in
Jordan.

Let us illustrate the simple act of faith by
the story of little Theodore.

He was a very little boy—a trusting, sim-
ple-minded child. His parents had always been
very particular to perform all their promises
to him, and he had a confidence in them which
was properly called faith.

This little boy had for several days had
some cents in his pocket, and one day when
his father took out his pocket-book to pay a
man some money, he said, 'Father, I wish I
had a pocket-book to put my cents in.'

His father replied, 'My son, I am going to
buy a new pocket-book for myself, and then
you shall have one.'

This promise made little Theodore very
happy, and he often talked about it, and once
or twice he said, 'Father, have you bought
your new pocket-book yet?'

One morning he asked his father this ques-
tion at the breakfast table, adding, 'Father,
I know that when you do buy a new one,
I shall have the old one.'

When the clock struck his office all day,
he replied his father; 'but this evening, when
you go to buy other things, I will buy my
new pocket-book, and you shall have the old
one.'

This satisfied this dear little boy, and he
went to bed, and he thought of the promise
of the promise. After tea, his father went out,
and as Theodore was occupied with looking
at pictures, he did not notice his absence.

When the clock struck his sister said,
'Come, Theodore, kiss mother, it is time for
you to go to bed now.' So he shut his book
and went with his sister to his mother's
room; for he was so young, that he still slept
in a little crib by the side of his mother's bed.
He knew, however, that his father was still
in the room; and when he was ready for
bed, he said, 'Sister, will you please to hang
one of my stockings at the foot of mother's
bed.'

'Why shall I do so?' inquired his sister.
'Oh, said he, 'because to-morrow will be
a kind of a Christmas-day for me; for father
is going to buy a new pocket-book for himself
this evening, and then he will give me his
old one, and I want you to ask him to put it
in my stocking.'

'Why, said his little boy, said his sister,
'you have not spoken to father about it since
this morning, and he has so much to do, and
so many things to think about, that I am
afraid he may forget it this evening.'

'Do you think my father would tell a lie?'
said he very truly to his sister.

'Oh, sister, hang my stocking up, and I am sure
the pocket-book will be there when I awake.'

'His sister did as he requested, and this little
boy went to bed happy and contented.

The first question that his sister asked of The-
odore's father on his return, was, 'Have you
bought your pocket-book?'

'Yes, was his reply, 'and my little son
must have the old one; and when he heard
about the stocking that was prepared for the
expected gift, he felt himself more than re-
warded for having charged his mind not to
forget his promise.

Little Theodore was asleep, but the pocket-
book was carefully put in the stocking.

In the night this little boy's mother was
awakened by his restlessing in his crib,
and looking up, she saw by the light of the
night taper, that little Theodore was climb-
ing over the railing at the foot of his crib.

'Where are you going, Theodore?' she in-
quired.

'Only to get my pocket-book that father
put in my stocking when he came home last
evening,' was his confident answer.

There was not the slightest doubt in this
dear child's mind that, when he put his hand
in his stocking, he should find there the
promised gift. And he was rewarded.

How is it with you, Christian believers?
Are you one of those blessed ones, who do
not believe? Your heavenly Father is
'not a man, that he should lie.' He has
never deceived you, and yet how often you
suspect him, how often you doubt his prom-
ises. Without faith it is impossible to please
him, but he is 'the rewarder of those who
diligently seek him; in faith; for he has
never said, 'Seek ye me in vain.'

Then he says, 'Ask ye, and ye shall receive,
seek ye, and ye shall find; you ask, not expect-
ing to receive—and seek, not expecting to find;
and therefore ye ask and receive not—
BECAUSE YE ASK AMISS.'

What said the Saviour of such? Oh,
faithless and perverse generation! We
may the Christian world pray, 'Lord increase
our faith!—Am. Messenger.

A Negro Cabin.

There is considerable difference in the
form, size, and materials of the habitations
of negroes in Virginia, especially if we include
those in the principal towns. The negro huts
are usually built in clusters, those for the
family servants forming a quadrangle in the
yard, and others being placed at a greater
or less distance from the house of the planter,
according to the extent of his estate.

Most of them are built of logs or the bodies

of small trees; the materials differ, however,
in certain parts of the country. The arrange-
ments and furniture are of the simplest kind.
The chimneys between the logs or boards are
filled, entirely or partly, with moss or clay;
the chimneys are formed of small sticks and
covered with mud; the floor is the ground,
which often serves for beds at night.

The following is from a recent letter-
writer:—

'Not long ago, I attended a funeral of an
aged female slave. About the grave were
gathered some two score of negroes; and as
the coffin descended into the tomb, the moist-
ened earth of every one bespoke the touched
heart; and an old man, with half-choked ul-
terance, said, 'O cry not, my friends, our sis-
ter has gone from us, but we must meet her
dear side of the grave. The great Master
has sent for her, and she is now at home.'

Moralist and Miscellaneous.

Satan a Fisherman.

I was some time since walking upon the
wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was
passing and repassing, the master was utter-
ing the usual words of the fisherman. At length
I turned to him, and standing beside his boat,
said:

'Sir, I am unacquainted with your busi-
ness—What kind of fishes are these?'

He replied, 'They are cod-fish.'

'How are you usually out on to obtain your
load?'

'Two or three weeks,' was the answer.

'At what price do you sell them?'

He informed me,

'Well, have you not had time to obtain a
living in this way?'

'How can I, sir, said he, 'I have been
I inquired, 'With what do you bait these
fish?'

'With clams,'

'Did you ever catch mackerel?'

'Yes.'

'And I suppose you bait them with clams,
too?'

'Oh, no,' said he, 'they will not bite at
clams.'

'Then you must have different kinds of
bait for different sorts of fish?'

'Yes.'

'Well, now, did you ever catch a fish
without a bait?'

'Yes,' said he, 'I was out last year, and
one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook
felt into the water, and the fool took hold of
it, and I drew him ashore, and he was a
fish.'

'Now, sir, said I, 'I have often thought
that Satan was very much like a fisherman.
He always baits his hook with that kind of
bait which different sorts of sinners like best;
and when he has hooked a sinner, he does not
hesitate to use the same bait, until he has
baited all the fish, for the fool will always bite at the
bare hook.'

He was silent. His countenance was solem-
nized, and after a moment's pause, as I turned
to go away, I heard him say to one stand-
ing by him, 'I guess that's a minister.'

"Don't Worry."

When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embark-
ing as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653,
he was much disturbed in mind as he rested
in Harwich on the preceding night, which
was very stormy, while he reflected on the
distracted state of the nation. It happened
that a confidential servant slept in an ad-
jacent bed, who, finding that his master could
not sleep, at length said, 'Pray, will you
give me leave to ask you a question?—'Cer-
tainly,' said he, 'I will be glad to answer
you.' 'Pray, said the servant, 'do you think
that God governs the world very well?'

'Certainly,' said he, 'I think so.' 'And
pray, said the servant, 'do you think that
God governs the world very well?'

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ever kindly welcomed as a younger brother
and friend by his venerable father's suc-
cessor, and the venerable father, who was
directed in the last breath of his life, to
what was intended as a visit of congrat-
ulation and social pleasure. But it was evi-
dent that our dear brother was not himself.
Strangely moody and silent, and often lost
in thought, he hardly smiled during the evening,
except when wife cheered him into a
momentary likeness to his former self by a
favorite piece of music. With an evident
feeling of incapacity for the social manage-
ment of the weekly prayer-meeting, he in-
sisted on sharing that duty with his wife
afterwards, when entrusted to try and be more
cheerful, with the assurance that he had se-
cond spoken better at a meeting, replied, that
he had one of his dyspeptic turns; 'and
'then,' said he, 'you know I cannot be cheer-
ful.'

He afterward, however, as already intimated,
was soothed by the sound of music, and
spoke, with almost his usual vivacity, to his
old friend of the new friend who thus cheer-
ed him, and of whom he had said, but a few
days before, that he feared he should love
him better than himself. He was allowed
to give one more evidence of the dread-
ful power of mental disease upon him, in con-
nection with one of the most striking glimpses
of his devout habits. His custom was, and
had been, as is supposed, for years, in addition
to his regular services, to sing, to pray
audibly upon his pillow the last thing
before yielding to sleep, and again the first
thing on awaking; thus devoting daily not
only his first and last thoughts, but his first
and last words, to his God. But during that
dreadful week, when the shadows of death
were upon him, he was so weak, that he could
not do this. Who that knew him can believe that this was
but an ordinary temptation of Satan? Who
can doubt that his soul was not exceedingly
sorrowful, for this always brought him to
the mercy-seat by day or by night,—but that
he was so weak, that he could not do this.
He was so weak, that he could not do this.
He was so weak, that he could not do this.

A Domestic Picture.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Best that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pass the hour, and their evening fire;
Best that place, where warm and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Best that feast with simple plume crowned,
Where the truly family around
Laugh at the frolics that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the busby stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Over the scenes of the next morning we
draw a veil. May their remembrance make
us wiser in our own conduct, and may
they teach us to be more patient and more
kind. Those who knew him best loved him
most; though far from it from us to con-
tradict his own humble confessions of sin-
fulness, or to doubt that it was true of him,
of our countryman, and of the Being who knew
him best, all saw in him most to dis-
approve. Like other men saved, he was a sin-
ner saved by grace.

THE value of chloroform is now fully es-
tablished as an anesthetic agent. Many ex-
traordinary applications of it have been re-
corded, but none more remarkable than the
following:—On Saturday night, as Mr. Gar-
ner, veterinary surgeon, was returning
through Cambridge with his horse and gig,
he had occasion to alter his harness, for
which purpose he stopped; he had scarcely
got out of the gig, when the horse began to
kick in a most violent manner, to the im-
minent danger of a lady who remained in the
gig, as well as that of Mr. Garner himself,
who was holding him by the head. A crowd
of persons had assembled, but such was the
fury of the animal, that no one could render
any assistance. At last, the brute threw
himself fairly down, Mr. Garner still holding
him by the head, and affairs were in this
desperate state, when Mr. Cox, chemist, ap-
prehensive of the danger that might ensue,
poured about a drachm of chloroform in his
handkerchief, and applied it to the animal's
mouth and nostrils. The furious patient
readily inhaled it, and in a minute, became
quite insensible, and to all appearance, dead.
This allowed the gig and harness to be re-
moved with perfect safety, and in about five
minutes, the effect of the chloroform passed
off, the horse got up, shook himself, and
walked quietly into the stable.—London Pa-
per.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE JEW.—In his in-
teresting work, 'Jewish and Israel,' Mr.
Frey, who is a converted Jew, and who for
more than forty years has labored among this
people as a minister of the gospel, says:—

'For seven long years, while officiating Ra-
bi in the synagogue, it was my painful lot
to attend the sick and the dying; and while
I found all of them sensible of their being sin-
ners and exposed to the wrath of God, I never
found one saying, like good old Simeon,
'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in
peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

His zeal for God, and longing for the
souls of his people, amounted at times to
the highest moral sublimity. Who that saw
him in the first great scene of religious in-
terest under his ministry; his own soul filled
with the grandest and purest religious senti-
ments, and his heart disengaged from all
considerations of ease and safety to health;
forbidden at times by his physicians to con-
verse in the open air, yet pouring forth his
whole soul in exhortations with those who
accompanied him toward his grave, and who
heard him with such true and sincere heart,
and heard him with such true and sincere heart,
and heard him with such true and sincere heart,

And in his midnight vigils to his couches during
a season of prevailing religious interest,
when the grandest and purest religious senti-
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